King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
King. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Ex.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo, rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings* and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyranous and bloody deed is done,
The moſt arch act of pitious maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Lo thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forreſt* girding one another
Within their innocent alabaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
When in there ſummer beauty kiſt each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay,
Which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt changd my mind,
But O the diuell! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told, one we ſmothered,
The moſt repleniſht ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framd,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrel*, am I happy in thy news?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King.

King. But didſt thou ſee
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentl
Tir. The Chaplaine of t
But how or in what place
King. Come to me *Tirr*
And thou ſhalt tell the pr
Meane time but thinke ho
And be inheritor of thy d
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue
His daughter meanely hau
The ſons of *Edward* ſleepe
And *Anne* my wife hath bi
Now for I know the Brit
At young *Elizabeth*, my b
And by that knot lookes
To her I goe A iolly thriu
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good news, or bad
Cat. Bad news my Lord,
And *Buckingham* backt wi
Is in the field, and ſtill his
King. *Elie* with *Richmon*
Then *Buckingham* and his
Come I haue heard that f
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull d
Delay leads impotent and
Then fiery expedition be
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald
Come muſter men, my co
We muſt be briefe, when t

Enter Queene

Q. Mar. So now proſp
And drop into the rotten
Here in theſe confines ſlily
To watch the waining of m
A dire induction am I wit
And will to *France*, hoping

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.6